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the Emperor Yu, the founder of the first dynasty, the year 2205. Ancient China, therefore, fills a period of 2000 years, or just the same lapse of time as New China under the absolute monarchy.

The Chinese migrated somewhere about 3700 to 3000 B. C. from the slopes of the Kunlu to their actual abode. According to ancient accounts, they are said to have numbered no more than a hundred families, which formed a new society, having no knowledge of the use of fire, and dressed in the skins of wild beasts. These statements may be either doubted or accepted; but at the moment when authentic history begins, we find the Chinese to have already constructed canals and cultivated silkworms.

M. Alex. Dumas has returned to Paris. It is said Garibaldi positively refused to see him, despite all the efforts he made to heal the breach between them. Garibaldi was sick and tired of his egotistical vanity, and besides, Garibaldi despises Frenchmen. Here is one of his last letters. They are always amusing:—"The volunteering has led to an event which is not without its drollery. As it is at Florence volunteers are received for all Tuscany, the volunteers who live in Florence are the first ready, and consequently the first enrolled. The consequence is half the noble mansions of Florence are without servants. Prince such-a-one has not a coachman and has been hunting one in vain the last week. Duke such-a-one has no body servant. Marquis this has no cook and is obliged to dine at the restaurant. Three days ago Mme. Ratazzi gave a dinner of twelve persons to me. At 10 o'clock the day of the dinner I received a line from Mme. Ratazzi: "Hasten to me at once, my dear Dumas, and aid us with your advice." I ran at once to her expecting to hear some great calamity had befallen her. I found the household reduced to master, mistress and chambermaid. The body servant, butler and cook had enlisted the preceding day without saying a word, and had only notified their master of the fact that very morning. Mme. Ratazzi and I got into a carriage to make some purchases which were absolutely necessary. We met in front of the Buondelmonte Palace our three men amid one hundred volunteers who were marching through the town with a band at their head. The cook had become standard bearer and saluted us majestically by inclining to us the Italian flag."

Somebody recently asked a Parisian editor where he got all his intelligence. "From the newspapers." Where do the newspapers get it? "From other newspapers." But who is the first author of it? "Nobody."

A French window-blind maker has over his shop door: "A. Othello, Fabrique de Jalousies."

Guy Patin wrote in 1653: "Old Theophraste Renaudot died here last month, as beggared as a painter." No man connected with newspapers should hear his name without taking off his hat for "old Theophraste Renaudot" was the founder of newspapers, and, strange to say, the newspaper he established, the 30th May, 1631, is still printed in Paris; it is *La Gazette de France*. "Beggared as a painter" is a phrase which has no meaning now; Mons. Gerome has just sold his "Cleopatra" for \$8000; Mons. Fleury, Jr., has received \$4000 from Count Branicki for his picture, "The Massacre at Warsaw"; the French Emperor has given Mons. Corot \$4000 for his picture, "Evening"; Mons. Courbet was paid \$3000 for his "Deer's Haunt". It seems \$3000 is now the average price of a good picture.

From the N. O. Picayune.
THE FRENCH STAGE.

The new fairy-piece "Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper," proves even more attractive than it was expected. It draws crowded houses despite the intense heat. No wonder! Enormous sums of money were spent on it. Would you like to see some of the bills? There are above 700 people employed every night in connection with the piece, viz., 1 head machinist, 5 head gas men, 5 head electric light men, 5 costumers, 5 seamstresses, 5 shoemakers, 5 property men, 5 magazine men, 5 armorers, 1 head stage manager, 4 deputy stage managers, 76 machinists, 40 gas men, 18 dressing men, 18 dressing women, 20 call boys, 297 female figurants, 116 male figurants, 34 danseuses, 12 infant danseuses, and 24 actors and actresses; total, 711 persons. During the three months preceding the performance 60 women and men were at work making the 896 costumes worn in the piece; for six months before it was played 42 carpenters, blacksmiths, locksmiths, etc., were employed making the machines and scenes. The dry goods bill for silk and golden goods bought in London and Lyons is \$13,000; the stocking, net cost, \$3,600; the embroidery \$3000; the ornaments (made by Granger) \$1880; the shoes, \$2020; the bonnets, etc., \$1500; flowers, \$1220; belts, \$460; diamond shields, \$580; armor, helmets, etc., \$840; feathers, \$560; pasteboard, \$480; "property," \$2140; total, \$31,200. Add the scenery, drapery and mirrors used, which cost above \$20,000, but say only \$20,000. Total, \$51,200. The daily expenses are \$420. It is reckoned the piece will run at least three hundred nights, and take in between \$2,000 and 2,200 a night. The expenses, including \$60,000 original outlay, will be \$186,000 for the three hundred nights; the receipts will be between \$600,000 and \$660,000; leaving in the manager's hands between \$404,000 and \$464,000—a prize worth struggling for!

A Paris newspaper says one feels when one leaves the theatre at the close of Cinderella, like paying for the sight of a dirty old rag just to rest one's eyes!

The Palais Royal Theatre is rehearsing a play by Messrs. Labiche and Choler: "Un Pied dans le Crime."

The Odeon will open in September with a play by Messrs. J. Barbier and E. Foussier: "Le Maître de la Maison."

It is said Mme. George Sand and M. Paul Meurice are dramatizing the former's novel, "Mont Revere."

M. Victor Sejour has written a comedy, "La Volante," for the French Comedy.

The Odeon gives M. Taillade, \$2,500 a year, and Mlle Jane Essler, \$2,400, four dollars every time she plays and two months leave of absence paid for.

A new actor has just appeared on the Parisian boards, a rival said of him: That fellow has no talents. Another rival said: You are mistaken—he has the talent of giving dissatisfaction.

Mme. Giovanni, wife of the eminent artist, has in rehearsal at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, an operetta, whose score is by her and the book by Messrs. de Lorbac and d'Harneure.

M. Nestor Roqueplan (who was manager of the Grand Opera when *La Prophète* was first played) tells this anecdote: The part of Berthe was created by Mme. Castellan, who accepted an engagement at Meyerbeer's suggestion, before she knew anything about this terrible part. When she became acquainted with it she declared it detestable, dangerous, noisy, without any "points," and killing to the voice. She was in the right—so much in the right that every songstress who is in position to lay down the conditions of her engagements, stipulates she shall not be asked to sing the part of Berthe. I told Meyerbeer Mme. Castellan's opinion. He replied "It is really extraordinary. I do not un-

derstand it. Do you think it a bad part?" "Oh, dear no!" "That's right! that's right!" "Oh! no; it is not a bad part—it is a bad action."

A young fellow—no matter what his name was—thought he was destined to rival Paganini and be as rich as a banker. So he went to the Conservatory, and worked hard and carried off the first prize for the violin. He rubbed his hands and said: "Now, one concert will suffice to make Paris and the whole world know what I am capable of; and the day after I give it, all I shall have to do will be to stoop down and pick up banknotes and laurel." He gave the concert. There was nobody present but school-fellows to whom he had given tickets, and but half of the school-fellows who had received free tickets were present. He said to himself: "It seems it is not as easy to be successful as I had thought; so I ought not to be discouraged; I will try again next year." The following season he gave a second concert; there were twelve paying auditors, which were not enough to cover a quarter of his expenses. Then he began to give lessons on the violin at 3f. a lesson, and great was the walking he had to do to procure six pupils. He kept on at this rate for three years, and then he said one morning: "My youth is passing away in a profitless manner. I have had enough of art. I write a good hand, and I am master of arithmetic; so I mean to become a book-keeper. It is the way I—the artist—commit suicide and desert art." As he said all this to himself, his housemaid called out to him: Master, I have three eggs, butter and parsley to make an omelette for you, but devil a bit of wood can I find to cook it withal." He exclaimed in reply—and clapped his hand to his brow as he spoke: "No wood; wait, old lady, and I'll give you wood." He went to his violin case, took out the violin given him as first prize at the Conservatory, carried it to the kitchen and gave it to the cook, saying: "Take this bit of wood and make a good fire with it, for 'tis well seasoned." The servant obeyed, she cooked the omelette, and the musician declared it was the best breakfast he ever ate in his life. He obtained a place under Government and rose rapidly and is now wealthy, comfortable and honored.

It is said Messrs. Arsene Houssaye, de Lesseps and Drouville, have purchased the Bouffes Parisiens Theatre.

Mme. Emma La Grua, the songstress, fell recently at Naples, and broke her leg.

The sun is beginning to melt the receipts of Paris theatres; the 10th June the Vaudeville took in \$120; the Palais Royal \$60; the Porte St. Martin \$48; the Varieties \$36; the Gymnase \$23.20; the sun did not affect Cinderella's receipts much; the Chatelat took in that same date \$1896.

Mons. Denney, the well known dramatic author, promised a part to a young actress. She told her manager of the promise and then asked: "Is he a man of his word or a joker?" The manager answered: "Both."

A well known Paris sponge saw a dramatic author sitting in front of the Café des Variétés—the Rialto of Paris dramatic authors, where they most do congregate—he ordered a glass of beer, went up to the latter and said: Good day, old fellow; what are you at work on?" "Nothing." "Haven't you a book or a drama?" "I have the idea of one." "Well, write it out at once. I'll guarantee it's brought out. I'm going Sunday to Passy and I'll get a preface from Jules Janin for you." "Are you intimate with Janin?" "Intimate with Janin?" He told Rousseau the other day if I did not go oftener to Passy than I have been, he would come back to Paris to live—I say I wish you'd lend me a louis; I'll put you in my piece for the Ambigu in place of Anicol (Bourgeois) who is beginning to fatigue me.

A circle of friends were talking at Nohant recently about the marriage of Count de —, who, being sixty-five, has just married a girl of eight-

een, who left the convent in which she has been educated for the bridal altar. Mme George Sand asked this question: which of the two is guilty of the greatest stupidity: an old man who marries a young wife, or an old woman who marries a young husband? M. Alex. Dumas, Jr., replied: When an old man takes a young wife he must expect everything; but when an old woman takes a young husband she ought to expect nothing.

The French Company is busily engaged rehearsing "Don Juan d'Autriche," for the first appearance of M. Febvre.

M. Choieckij (better known as Charles Edmond, a Pole, patronized by Prince Napoleon as librarian of the Senate and dramatic author,) has married Mlle Julie Frederich.

M. Jules Moineaux has read at the Varietés a play in one act, "L'Amour au Metre," for Mlle Silly and the new comic actor Aurele.

Messingranger and Lambert Thibout have read to the actors of the Palais Royal Theatre a vaudeville, "Le Pays des Chansonnettes." Fifteen actors will appear in it.

It was feared, for some days, Batty, the lion-tamer, would die of the wounds recently received from a lioness; gangrene threatened to supervene for forty-eight hours; he is in a fair way of recovery.

LOTTA SCHMIDT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

For a few moments there was perfect silence in the room, and the musician still kept his seat with his face turned upon his instrument. He knew well that he had succeeded, that his triumph had been complete, and every moment that the applause was suspended was an added jewel to his crown. But it soon came, the loud shouts of praise, the ringing bravos, the striking of glasses, his own name repeated from all parts of the hall, the clapping of hands, the sweet sound of woman's voices, and the waving of white handkerchiefs. Herr Crippel stood up, bowed thrice, wiped his face with a handkerchief, and then sat down on a stool in the corner of the orchestra.

"I don't know much about his being too old," said Carl Stobel.

"Nor I either," said Lotta.

"That is what I call music," said Marie Weber.

"He can play the zither, certainly," said Fritz; "but as to the violin, it is more doubtful."

"He is excellent with both—with both," said Lotta, angrily.

Soon after that the party got up to leave the hall, and as they went out they encountered Herr Crippel.

"You have gone beyond yourself to-night," said Marie, "and we wish you joy."

"No. It was pretty good was it? With the zither it depends mostly on the atmosphere; whether it is hot or cold, or wet or dry, or on I know not what. It is an accident if one plays well. Good night to you. Good night, Lotta. Good night, sir." And he took off his hat, and bowed—bowed, as it were, expressly to Fritz Plankin.

"Herr Crippel," said Lotta, "one word with you." And she dropped behind from Fritz, and returned to the musician. "Herr Crippel will you meet me at Sperl's to-morrow night?"

"At Sperl's? No. I do not go to Sperl's any longer, Lotta. You told me that Marie's friend was coming to night; but you did not tell me of your own."

"Never mind what I told you or did not tell you. Herr Crippel will you come to Sperl's to-morrow?"

"No; you would not dance with me, and I should not care to see you dance with any one else."

"But I will dance with you."

"And Plankin will be there?"

"Yes; Fritz will be there! He is always there. I cannot help that."

"No, Lotta, I will not go to Sperl's. I will tell you a little secret. At forty-five one is too old for Sperl's."

"There are men there every Sunday over fifty—over sixty, I am sure."

"They are men different in their ways of life from me my dear. No, I will not go to Sperl's. When will you come and see my mother?"

Lotta promised that she would go and see the Frau Crippel before long, and then tripped off and joined her party.

Stobel and Marie had walked on, while Fritz remained a little behind for Lotta.

"Did you ask him to come to Sperl's to-morrow?" he said.

"To be sure I did."

"Was that nice of you, Lotta?"

"Why not nice? Nice or not, I did it. Why should not I ask him, if I please?"

"Because I thought I was to have the pleasure of entertaining you—that it was a little party of my own."

"Very well, Herr Plankin," said Lotta, drawing himself a little away from him; "if a friend of mine is not welcome at your little party, I certainly shall not join it myself."

"But, Lotta, does not every one know what it is that Crippel wishes of you?"

"There is no harm in his wishing. My friends tell me I am very foolish not to give him what he wishes. But I still have the chance."

"Oh yes; no doubt you still have the chance."

"Herr Crippel is a very good man. He is the best son in the world, and he makes two hundred florins a month."

"O, if that is to count!"

"Of course it is to count. Why should it not count? Would the Princess Theresa have married the other day if the young Prince had had no income to support her?"

"You can do as you please Lotta."

"Yes, I can do as I please, certainly. I suppose Adela Bruhl will be at Sperl's to-morrow?"

"I should say so, certainly. I hardly ever knew her to miss her Sunday evening."

"Nor I. I, too, am fond of dancing—very. I delight in dancing. But I am not a slave to Sperl's, and then I do not care to dance with every one."

"Adela Bruhl dances very well," said Fritz.

"That is as one may think. She ought to; for she begins at ten, and goes on till two, always. If there is no one nice for dancing she puts up with some one that is not nice. But all that is nothing to me."

"Nothing, I should say, Lotta."

"Nothing in the world. But this is something; last Sunday you danced three times with Adela."

"Did I? I did not count."

"I counted. It is my business to watch those things, if you are to be ever anything to me, Fritz. I will not pretend that I am indifferent. I care very much about it. Fritz, if you dance to-morrow with Adela, you will not dance with me again—either then or ever." And having uttered this threat she ran on and found Marie, who had just reached the door of the house in which they both lived.

Fritz, as he walked home by himself, was in no doubt as to the course which it would be his duty as a man to pursue in reference to the lady whom he loved. He had distinctly heard that lady ask an old admirer of hers to go to Sperl's and dance with her; and yet within ten minutes afterwards, she had peremptorily commanded him not to dance with another girl! Now, Fritz Plankin had a very good opinion of himself, as he was well entitled to have, and was quite aware that other pretty girls besides

Lotta Schmidt were within his reach. He did not receive two hundred florins a month, as did Herr Crippel, but then he was five-and-twenty instead of five-and-forty; and, in the matter of money, too, he was doing pretty well. He did love Lotta Schmidt. It would not be easy for him to part with her. But she, too, loved him, —as he told himself, and she would hardly push matters to extremities. At any rate he would not submit to a threat. He would dance with Adela Bruhl, at Sperl's. He thought, at least, that when the time should come, he would find it well to dance with her.

Sperl's dancing saloon, in the Tabor Strasse, is a great institution at Vienna. It is open always of a Sunday evening, and dancing then commences at ten, and is continued till two or three o'clock in the morning. There are two large rooms, in one of which the dancers dance, and in the other the dancers, and visitors who do not dance, eat, and drink, and smoke continually. But the most wonderful part of Sperl's establishment is this, that there is nothing to offend any one. Girls dance and men smoke, and there is eating and drinking, and everybody is as well behaved as though there was a protecting phalanx of dowagers sitting around the wall of the saloon.

There are no dowagers, though there may probably be a policeman somewhere about the place. To a stranger it is very remarkable that there is no little of what we call flirting—almost none of it. It would seem that to the girls dancing is so much a matter of business, that here at Sperl's they can think of nothing else. To mind their steps—and at the same time their dresses, lest they should be trod upon—to keep full pace with the music, to make all the proper turns, at every proper time, and to have the foot fall on the floor at the exact instant; all this is enough without further excitement. You will see a girl dancing with a man as though the man were a chair, or a stick, or some necessary piece of furniture. She descends to use his services, but as soon as the dance is over she sends him away. She hardly speaks a word to him, if a word! She has come there to dance, and not to talk; unless indeed, like Marie Weber and Lotta Schmidt, she has a recognized lover there of her very own.

At about half past ten Marie and Lotta entered the saloon, and paid their kreutzers, and sat themselves down on seats in the father saloon, from which, through open archways, they could see the dancers. Neither Carl nor Fritz had come as yet, and the girls were quite content to wait. It was to be presumed that they would be there before the men, and they both understood that the real dancing was not commenced early in the evening. It might be all very well for such as Adela Bruhl to dance with any one who came at ten o'clock, but Lotta Schmidt would not care to amuse herself after that fashion. As to Marie, she was to be married after another week, and of course she would dance with no one but Carl Stobel.

"Look at her," said Lotta, pointing with her foot to a fair girl, very pretty, but with hair somewhat untidy, who at this moment was waltzing in the other room. "That lad is a waiter from the Minden Hotel. I know him. She would dance with any one."

"I suppose she likes dancing, and there is no harm in the boy," said Marie.

"No, there is no harm, and if she likes it I do not begrudge it to her. See what red hands she has."

"She is of that complexion," said Marie.

"Yes, she is pretty. There is no doubt she is pretty. She is not a native here. Her people are from Munich. Do you know, Marie, I think girls are always thought more of in other countries than in their own."

Soon after this Carl and Fritz came together, and Fritz as he passed across the end of the first